"I need a bottle of liquor." Said the Blonde man.

It was early summer on the European project.

"I drink the liquid." commented a beggar who sat opon the corners of the bricked paths of the United Kingdom.

He had overheard the blonde man

"Did I give you money?" he said to the beggar.

"No!" Said the beggar.

"Do you need more money?" Asked the Blonde man.

"I like cigarettes."

"And I Like wine."

"I like the smell, of cigarettes."

"It makes me feel better."

"I could use a couple of pounds." Said the beggar.

The blonde man reached in his pocket and pulled out five coins valued at one pound each. He put them on the floor for the beggar.

"Well that's what I like to do."

"You can call me Wayne." Said the blonde man.

 "yes, yes!" exclaimed the beggar.

 "oh my goodness!" he said.

" Good day to you, and everlasting joy!" Said Wayne the blonde man.

He walked away.

'The shortcomings of humanity - the pain of hunger.' thought Wayne to hisself.

" The nature of an adult." began Wayne to hisself. "is fascinating."

'How quick.' - 'Things can change.'

 It was a grand scene, Wayne looked around and took in the colors.

A new day in the United Kingdom.

In this moment it relly gave the Blonde man a chance to be grateful and to imagine

a different circumstance.

His day was absolutely fantastic he could be a beggar.